

## Norray Ficlets For the Soul

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24029956) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24029956>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">約束のネバーランド   Yakusoku no Neverland   The Promised Neverland (Manga)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Norman/Ray (The Promised Neverland)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Norman (The Promised Neverland)</a> , <a href="#">Ray (The Promised Neverland)</a> , <a href="#">Emma (The Promised Neverland)</a> , <a href="#">Gilda (The Promised Neverland)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Fluff and Humor</a> , <a href="#">Domestic Boyfriends</a> , <a href="#">Date Night</a> , <a href="#">Canon Compliant</a> , <a href="#">Royal Kingdom AU</a> , <a href="#">Childhood Memories</a> , <a href="#">Literal Sleeping Together</a> , <a href="#">Sleepy talks</a> , <a href="#">Pranks and Practical Jokes</a> , <a href="#">Chatting &amp; Messaging</a> , <a href="#">Matchmaking</a> , <a href="#">Matchmaker Emma</a> , <a href="#">Master &amp; Servant</a> , <a href="#">Victorian era</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Tension</a> , <a href="#">Secret Crush</a> , <a href="#">Pining</a> , <a href="#">Puppy eyes</a> , <a href="#">Heartbreak</a> , <a href="#">Friends With Benefits</a> , <a href="#">Sleeping Drug</a> , <a href="#">Love is Hard for Otaku References</a> , <a href="#">WotaKoi References</a> , <a href="#">Innuendo</a> , <a href="#">Norman is a Tease</a> , <a href="#">Cute Norman</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-06 Completed: 2020-09-23 Words: 7,892 Chapters: 18/18

# **Norray Ficlets For the Soul**

by [amaikana \(cianderia\)](#)

## Summary

Collection of Norray scenarios. Lots of AUs and lack of plot.

## Notes

One of these days I swear I'll stop putting off my actual series and writing off mindless fluff like this. But for now, well...enjoy, I guess

## (not a) cute date

### Chapter Summary

just Norray being adorable domestic boyfriends (//w//)

“Can we just have a normal cute date night for once?”

“No.”

“Ray—”

“*No.*”

“You’re the only one who likes this movie!” Norman grumbles.

“Shh! Shut up! This is the best part!”

Ray shoves a handful of popcorns to his mouth and Norman complains annoyedly when some of those popcorns fall carelessly from his hand, dirtying their sofa. Ray still pays him no mind though, so Norman takes the initiative to shove his boyfriend and makes himself comfortable on the other boy’s lap.

“Stop moving around! Can’t you appreciate the art of perfectly crafted shitty movie for once?!”

“Why you even watch it if it’s a shitty movie?”

“It’s a *good* shitty movie!”

“That doesn’t make any sense!”

“Life never make any sense! Humans’ actions and words never make any sense! Our purpose of living in this world never makes any sense! We’re all gonna die sooner or later—”

“STOP BEING EMO IN THE MIDDLE OF NIGHT!”

# it's infuriating

## Chapter Summary

some flustered Ray, lol

Ray likes to think that he has a fairly decent level in terms of his intelligence, if not rather above average. But in all honesty, he always felt especially dumb whenever Norman was by his side—and he still is, embarrassingly.

Because in all honesty, he always felt as if his tummy churning whenever Norman suddenly sat by his side at his usual reading spot under that particular large tree at the Gracefield ‘orphanage’ House back then. In all honesty, Ray always felt like he’s itching to either scream or cry whenever Norman tried brush his bang out of his eyes or whenever Norman smiled at him with that unfairly charming smile of his.

The one that topped it all though, was whenever the other boy managed to up-one him in their regular game of chess. Because then Norman would smile cheekily at him and poke at his cheek and say,

“Look who lose again~”

It’s infuriating. It’s more infuriating than that he even somehow liked it.



# because you like it

## Chapter Summary

royal kingdom AU because I adore the headcanon of Norman being a Prince and Ray being his personal Knight :3

“So.”

“So?”

“Your Highness.”

“Yes?”

“You really called for *me*. In the middle of my *meeting* with the other Knights. Because you want my opinion on the *cake* you’re *baking*?”

Norman looks up from the messy disaster of a cake that he’s trying to decorate with a whip cream to his personal Knight who’s giving him an incredulous stare.

“Yes, that’s correct.” Norman shrugs, and then he’s back again at the not so edible looking half-burned cake in front of him.

“Why?” Ray finally asks irritably. Although the young Prince appears to not really find any ridiculousness in the situation.

“Because I know you’re good at cooking and baking? Anyway, what do you think of it so far? Looks great, right?”

The tone obviously presents it as a rhetorical question, but Ray is tempted to blurt out bluntly that, “No, Your Highness, it looks pretty much shit to me.” He decides against it though, not wanting to insult his Prince’s effort no matter how much he thinks the seemingly-sweet-yet-actually-devilish young Prince deserves it.

But Ray decides to ask again, painfully dragging the question for the second time out of his tongue, “*Why*. Your *Highness*.”

Norman pauses and sighs. Then he purses his lips and looks at his personal Knight with a mixture of pity and exasperation that irks Ray so much he starts thinking about punching that irritating look out of said Prince’s cute face—or maybe kissing that adorable lips (shut up, imagination!)

“Because you like it, of course,” his Prince answers in a matter of fact tone, snapping Ray out of his weird imaginations in a heartbeat.

“Huh?” Ray blinked confusedly.

The young Prince’s mouth tugged into a smile this time, cheekily so. “Because you like it, right?” he repeats, “Because you like spending time with me?”

Ray chocked on seemingly empty air. He can feel the familiar feel of a not so welcomed warmth immediately creeping up his face.

“I-I—” Ray pauses and bites his inner cheek. “I feel entitled to neither agree nor disagree to that statement. Y-your Highness.”

Norman only hums and turns back to the cake that looks like it’s about to be drown in a ton of whip cream now. *‘Maybe next time I need to travel for a Royal visit again I should ask the local for any interesting recipes,’* he muses inwardly.

## go stand in front the stove

### Chapter Summary

another one of them being domestic boyfriends, lol. I love silly oblivious Ray XD

“Ray.”

“Hm?”

“It’s cold.”

“Go wear another sweater.”

“It’s still cold”

“Go grab another blanket.”

“It’s *really* cold.”

“Then go stand in front of the stove or something!”

Norman pauses. “...Um, what?”

Ray slams his book close loudly. “You think I can control the weather or something?! Just because I’m an engineer student doesn’t mean I know how fix our heater! Besides, it’s your own fault that it broke in the first place! Who the heck needs to keep the heater on for twenty-four seven anyway?!”

“Err, sorry. I just thought you’d get the clue that I want to cuddle with you...”

“...Oh.”

# "the prince gets anything he wants"

## Chapter Summary

another kingdom AU with prince Norman and knight Ray plus knight Emma  
(you might've figured out at this point that this is just a bunch of half-finished AUs that I'm too lazy to ever finish, lol)

"Good morning, Your Highness."

"Good morning, Prince Norman."

Everyone bows dutifully and utters their greetings as he walks through the narrow Palace corridors to the Royal Training Field area. Norman smiles politely to all of them, even though formalities such as these honestly isn't really his thing. As he arrived at The Field, though, his lips immediately curve into a sincere smile.

"Greetings, Prince Norman." Emma gives a slight polite bow and smiles brightly at him. Some bread crumbs that looks like it's from the half-eaten sandwich in her hand still splattered around her mouth.

"Good morning, Royal Spoiled Prince Norman~" Ray drawls on lazily, as he performs a mocking full bow to him. "How was your beauty sleep last night, Your Highness?"

"Papers and quills turned out to be some comfortable makeshift pillow. Thank you for your concern, Sir Ray," he jokes dryly.

"You pulled out an all-nighter again?!" Emma asks concernedly.

He turns to the female Knight and grins sheepishly. "Don't worry. I was just joking."

Not really joking, to be honest. But, well...Emma doesn't need to know that.

"Anyway, how are the new batch of cadets you two've been training? Are promising or intriguing Knight candidate?"

"Some are," Ray replies, "No one stands out too much yet, though. I'm honestly more surprised that this idiot turned out to be a good trainer than anything."

"Stop calling me idiot!" Emma complaints. She tries to kick Ray's leg, but the other keeps dodging her. "Your Highneeeess! Tell hiiiiim!"

"Stop mocking her, Ray." He chuckles and reprimands the dark-haired Knight. "This is an order from your Prince, you know," he adds playfully before the other could say anything.

Ray finally stops and stays still enough for Emma to land a successful kick at him. “Fine, fine. Your wish is my command, *Your Highness*. The Royal Spoiled Prince gets anything he wants.”

Norman smirks mischievously. “Thank you.”

...Before he snatches a bite of the sandwich lunch right from the Ray’s hand, which immediately turns the other into a spluttering mess.

““The Royal Spoiled Prince gets anything he wants,”” he quotes.

Emma bursts out laughing, and Norman tries to stifle a grin as he sees Ray face quickly reddening after his rather intimate gesture.

*‘It’s cute,’* he thinks.

# cheater's cheating

## Chapter Summary

just adorable little!norrays playing chess :3

“And...*checkmate*! I win again!”

Norman laughs at seeing the annoyed expression on Ray’s face. His friend rolls his eyes and grumbles half-heartedly about how he must have cheated again.

“Hey, don’t be like that! Do you have any proof to accuse that I was cheating?”

“Do I even need any?” Ray raises his eyebrows. “It’s always like that. You’re a dirty cheater. A professional liar.”

“Now, you’re just insulting me!” Norman protests.

Although he exactly doesn’t deny it. He *did* cheat when Ray seemingly wasn’t looking. But he also knows that Ray was aware of it. His friend just let it slide. Because Ray is just like that. Because Ray often spoils him on their games—for whatever reason, he doesn’t know, he hasn’t managed to get a good guess yet—and Norman would lie if that’s not a little fun fact he often enjoys taking advantage of.

# can you scoot over?

## Chapter Summary

little norray sleeping and cuddling together :3  
(ps: I love sleepy Ray, lol)

“Hey.”

“Uhhhhhmm?”

“Can you scoot over?”

“Why?”

“I’m cold. The weather’s bad tonight.”

Ray blinks the sleep away from his eyes and glances at the sheepish pale boy kneeling beside his bed. He sighs, deciding to indulge the other boy and scooting over to the side of his bed. He arranges the pile of pillows just so before inviting his friend to snuggle under his blanket.

“Here.” He pauses to yawn a little. “C’mon, Norman. Hurry. I’m still sleepy.”

His friend obeys him and starts to make himself comfortable on the bed. It’s a little cramped like this, but Ray isn’t really complaining. It truly is cold tonight. A bonus warmth from another body is very much welcomed.

“Why me?” Ray mutters quietly.

Once he woke up, sleep usually won’t come easily for the second time, so he tries to make a small talk instead. Norman is a light sleeper, anyway. Ray knows his friend would stay awake as long as he still keeps talking.

“Why you? Hm...it’s just convenient, don’t you think? Your bed’s right beside me, so all it takes is just a few steps and waking you up.”

“Ah...convenient, huh?”

“Why? You mind me here?”

“Nah. Not at all.” Ray yawns again. “Just curious. Prob...ba...bly...” He starts to stutter as sleepiness begins to take over him once again. Ah, it’s rather quick today.

“Really?”

“Really.”

And that one word seems to be the end of their conversation, as his eyes feels like it just closing itself in the next minute. Not before he half-drowsily reaches over and warps his arm around Norman, though.

“G’night.”

“Mhm. Good night too, Ray. Have a nice dream. Sleep well—”

“Shut up.”

“Hahaha, okay, okay. Good night.”



# catch you!

## Chapter Summary

Norman and Ray playing a silly prank on each other  
(it's my fav chapter yet! :D what are yours? :3)

Norman was in the middle of attempting to cook some kind of soup in the kitchen, when suddenly he feels someone approaching him from behind. That person stays quiet, though he can feel them breathing down against his neck due to how close their distance is. Tilting his head back a bit, he can see the other boy's sleepy eyes under his untamed bang staring lazily at him. From the corner of his eyes he also notices a few of younger kids are giggling behind the entrance door—trying their best to hide themselves and keep quiet even though it's obvious that they're failing already.

Norman chuckles, pausing his stirring motion in the pan and decides to play along.

“What are you all doing?” he whispers lowly, feeling like he should at least reward the kids' effort and pretend not to see them for the time being.

For a second, Ray stays quiet, and Norman is left to wonder what kind of prank the younger kids managed to rope Ray into. Then, abruptly, he feels a pair of arms warp itself tightly around his body from behind.

“Catch you!”

It takes Norman a second to realize that the giggles have gotten louder and the kids behind the door are no longer trying to hide themselves.

“Um...what?” he asks, still in the dark of what's just happened.

“Catch you,” Ray repeats, “That's the game. They want me to catch you.”

“Catch me?” Norman blinks confusedly.

“We're playing to catch people out of guard,” Ray elaborates more.

He glances at the kids behind the door the door. One of them whisper-shouts excitedly, “Ray won! Ray won!”

“That's cool!” another adds. “He managed to surprise Norman! It's cool!”

Norman stifles a grin hearing that.

“Should I tell them that I actually failed?” Ray asks, bringing back Norman’s attention to the friend in front of him again.

“No. They seem happy thinking that you’ve won. We don’t have to burst their bubble.”

Ray shrugs. “If you say so.”

His friend then walks back to the kids outside again. Norman waits a few seconds until Ray is half-way through the kitchen, before he grins and leaps at his friend from behind.

“Ouch! What are you—”

“Catch you!”

Norman giggles. The kids who are still watching them from the outside also burst out laughing at his silly payback prank. Meanwhile, Ray is blushing awkwardly while still warped around his arms. It’s a fun game, he thinks.

# luv u <3

## Chapter Summary

In which Emma taught Norman the texting lingo (and emoji, lol) XD

*Norman 6:03*

Ray! :D

*Norman 6:11*

Hi! ^^/

*Norman 6:13*

How's your day? :o

*Norman 6:17*

pink!

*Norman 6:17*

pink!

*Norman 6:18*

pink!

*Ray 7:03*

it's PING not PINK

*Norman 7:05*

Sorry :((

*Norman 7:07*

How's your day? :3

*Ray 7:12*

my day hasn't fucking started yet  
it's 7 am ffs!

*Norman 7:13*

What's a ffs?

*Ray 7:13*

...

*Ray 7:14*  
that's not important

*Norman 7:15*  
Raaaayyy >:(

*Norman 7:15*  
Whatever. I'll just ask Emma : p

Ray stared at his phone in a mix of trepidation and irritation. Because— It's *Emma's* fault! It's definitely her fault!

Ray can swear, Emma must've made it her personal mission to shove Every. Freaking. Single. Human cultural *weirdness* down Norman's throat. Because really, he clearly remembers that one time Norman used to text like: "*Hey, what's your agenda for today?*" But now the previously nerdy guy is texting like: "*Hi! ^^/ What you're gonna do today uwu??*" And that's definitely, surely, *certainly* Emma's freaking fault.

His phone beeps again. And again. And again.

Ray groans. "What's again this time—"

...But what he reads next has him almost dropping his jaw.

*Norman 7:43*  
I asked Emma!  
...But she doesn't want to tell me :/

*Norman 7:43*  
But!! She told me something else! I'll tell  
you in a bit :D

*Norman 7:43*  
luv u <3

Ray blinks. And blinks. And blinks again. The text on the screens still doesn't change. "He's— That's— He said— What?!"

*Norman 7:45*  
Do you like it? :3

*Norman 7:45*

Is 'luv' some kind of code??

I haven't heard that one, but Emma said  
you'll like it! <3

*Norman: 7:46*

She also told me to send you lots of that  
three emoji thing. She said you absolutely  
love that one. Is it true?? <3 <3 <3 <3

Ray groans loudly. Again. "Aaaargh! Emmaaaaa!"

# family photoshoot (in sexy outfit)

## Chapter Summary

In which Emma tries to play matchmaker for her favorite boys

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hey, Norman.”

Emma slides into the seat beside the boy.

Norman looks up from his cereal. “Hmm?”

“What first comes to your mind when you’re thinking about Ray?”

“Uh...smart? Black hair?”

*Ugh, too general...*

“Other than that?”

“Best friend?”

*Now that’s just stating a fact!*

“Ugh. I mean, something about his personality?”

“Um, always brooding?”

“...Anything indicating more positive traits?”

“Uh... He has a pretty good physique, I suppose?”

*...Having pretty good physique can be translated as having a great body, right?*

Okay, great body. She could work with that.

.

Emma sometimes gets weird ideas. Or so many people say. Truthfully, she just wants for her ship slash best-friends to be sailing already. Yes, she knows now that ‘sailing’ doesn’t mean actually sailing around in the sea. Tumblr and Reddit had educated her.

Now, on to the case. Her Oreo milkshake ship status now is still stagnant. The reason? Norman is too oblivious to anything that doesn't involve math and logic, and Ray is too much of a tsundere to take any action.

Emma pauses. 'Tsundere' is a cute word, she realizes. Even though she doesn't know what the actual meaning in its origin language is. But well, Urban Dictionary's definition certainly matches well with Ray's personality.

Back to the topic, Ray is too much of a tsundere to take any action. So it's up to her, as the third protagonist slash love interest's world's bestest best friend to take the matter into her own hands.

...It's quite literally, as it seems. As she has to drag Ray around and dumps the idiot into the nearest bedroom before locking the door behind her to force Ray to listen to her. All the while carrying a tank top shirt and *short* shorts in her hands.

"For the last time, Emma! There's no way I'll be wearing those!"

"But why? They're cute!"

"They're too—" Ray pauses. His face flushing red slightly. "too- t-too expos—"

Suddenly, the door opened. Norman pokes his head in, his face also flushes bright. Even brighter than Ray—though that probably because of his vampire-ish skin tone.

"U-um, Emma..." Norman stutters, "Are you really sure you want us to take family photo in this?"

Norman comes inside—wait, that sounds wrong. Norman *steps* inside and both Emma and Ray can see him fully wearing the very identical pieces of clothes that Emma is trying to force Ray to wear.

"Y-you're wearing those too?!" Ray sounds like he's being choked.

"See? Everyone is wearing them! C'mon, Ray! It's officially our sibling photo theme!" she persuades the boy.

Reluctantly, Ray takes the clothes from her hands. Emma squeals gleefully inside.

Who said that she's too innocent to be able to understand about manipulation again?

*Take that back, bishies!*

To say that their annual family photoshoot is awkward is an understatement. Thoma and Lani are innocently enjoying themselves. Nat and Anna both blushes madly around each other. Gilda's face also flushes bright, but she's trying-to-be-subtle-but-it's-obvious-anyway ogling at Don, who (God's bless him) completely oblivious to the whole commotion.

Mama thankfully eats up her blabbering of the summer weather being too hot, and didn't bat an eye when Emma wandered into beach clothes section in the shopping center (not so)

innocently.

And her targets?

Well, things don't go as planned, as she forgot to count on Norman's body can't stand the sun heat in those barely covering up clothes. But she gets to see Ray carrying a nearly passed out Norman bridal-style inside as she's drinking an actual delicious Oreo milkshake from afar, so she thinks that's enough.

...and if her fingers slipped and accidentally capture the moment in her camera, no one could blame her.

## Chapter End Notes

If you think you're familiar with this one, it's probably cause I moved this chapter from my other drabble fic [Oreo Milkshake](#) (I decided to make it a one-shot drabble instead of multi-chap fic)

Anyway! Fun Fact: "Bishie" is an actual word. It's short for "bishounen" which mean pretty boy in Japanese culture (according to google anyway, sue me if I'm wrong). Well, I can't make a pre-teen girl cursing after all (they're like 12-13 in this).



# take me tonight

## Chapter Summary

In which I tried to write NSFW but couldn't bring myself to do so ////  
This sets in an imaginary Victorian era, obviously aged-up boys, and kind of mature(?) themes (nothing sexual happens, just about two boys being horny written in exaggerated exquisite language, lol)

The snow rained lightly that night, Norman noticed. The air felt semi-cold against his skin, thanks to their heater from the fancy hotel room that's mellowing out the temperature. Though, the inside of his body still warmer yet, courtesy of the wine he drank earlier with his personal servant, Ray.

Such a perfect occasion, Norman mused. Yet, here they were. With him busying himself wiping the fogged windows from inside of their room, while Ray sat stiffly on the sofa. Fiddling and hesitating, as though that boy was the virgin one in the room.

Norman sighed for the umpteenth time.

"You know, Ray. You're seriously irking me off right now."

"...I apologize for your displeasure."

Lies. There's no trace of regret in that baritone tone. Only palpable uneasiness that's currently eating at them both.

"Honestly, what are you even hesitating about?"

He walked towards the sole sofa in their room and stopped mere inches in front of the boy who was now taking all its space, daring the other to meet his eyes. Though, instead of meeting his challenge, in a rare show of submission, Ray averted his eyes meekly instead.

"I really, really don't understand you—"

"The age of majority in this capital is still above your current age, Young Mast—"

Ray found himself being cut off as fingers gripped jaw and forcing him to look upside.

"Legal age be damned," Norman snarled. "My eighteenth birthday is literally tomorrow. A mere few hours wouldn't make a bloody difference."

"It could, Young Master. We would be practically breaking this capital's rule, if we do so. If the Police caught us, we'd get quite a lot trouble," Ray tried to reason.

Yet, from his position, Norman could see that his personal servant was beginning to feel quite bothered. In a sexy way.

“With the influence of my family name and, well, the *money*, we’d be able to dodge such trifling accusation easily.” He waved off Ray’s concern. “Unless... You are saying here,” he resumed slowly, whispering into the ear of his servant, “that you, indeed, do not *want* me? That you really don’t have any desire to *take* me? That I am not attractive enough for you, hmm?”

“I-It’s not that, Young Mast—”

“Then, if so, answer me, Ray. For what reason that you still refusing to do so? Give me even one logical answer. *I dare you*.” Norman rolled out the last line with as much gravelly voice as he could muster.

His desire to push Ray’s self-control to a breaking point was the only that clouded his mind at the time. Norman didn’t care—even if a hotel staff or just anyone were to break into their room for whatever reason right now—for anything else other than inviting this gorgeous boy onto his bed tonight. For only this particular boy, never anyone else, who he had been dreaming of having his first time with since his early teenage age.

“Breaking a rule in this *foreign* city? Are you perhaps entering your rebellious phase a little too late, *Young Master*?” Ray growled through his gritted teeth.

Goodness! He’d be lying if hearing that guttural voice didn’t make his stomach churn. In a good way. In a *very* good way.

“Call it anything you want,” he said, gripping Ray’s collar with such a force that it brought their faces inches apart. As desperation could be felt flooding all his blood vessels, Norman stared his servant down through his heavily lidded eyes. If it wasn’t tension of carnal desires clouding thickly in this room right now, he didn’t know what it was.

“Stop testing my patience and put those skilled fingers into use. Starting from unbuttoning my shirt.” Then, Norman added, before his servant could even find it in himself to disagree, “It’s an *order*.”

Just like that, Ray’s immediately pounce onto him. To his face. To his neck. To his torso. To his *lips*.

‘*Finally*,’ Norman thought pleasantly.

This night was far from over, though.

# falling asleep on you

## Chapter Summary

in which pining!Ray keeps falling asleep on Norman until one day Norman does the same, lol  
(this sets in the two years time-skip before the ending, there's very minor manga spoiler)

There's this new rather embarrassing habit that Ray, apparently, does on regular basis. Said information is gained by overhearing an overly excited Gilda gushing about it to an exasperated Anna in their kitchen. And the so-called embarrassing habit is, to put it bluntly, how often he accidentally fell asleep on Norman. Like, literally.

Honestly, he's aware that it shouldn't be a big deal. It shouldn't be a big deal at all. Yet, from the tone of Gilda so extravagantly described it—

*“Ray really drooled on Norman’s shoulder back then! And Norman just let him be! Just like that! He didn’t appear to be bothered at all and oh my God! That’s like the cutest thing ever I’ve seen this week!”*

—it does sound like an extremely embarrassing thing to Ray. Not to mention, how Norman never even *once* bringing that thing up to him.

And— Well, of course, two dudes falling asleep on each other might be just a normal thing in some parts of this world—excluding the U.S, the very place they're staying in temporary right now—but, still! No matter how much he tries to look at it from different perspectives, it couldn't erase the fact that it *does* sound very, very *gay*—and the other fact that Ray is actually gay for his best-friend since their childhood days should never, ever be brought up at all.

So, now, against his better judgement, Ray sits as stiffly as possible trying to contain his drowsiness—lest he'd make the same mistake and accidentally fall asleep to Norman who's currently sitting right beside him—while both he and Norman are busily frowning over a digital map to pin-point all the locations in this country that they haven't checked yet for Emma's whereabouts.

Though, to Ray's surprise, he suddenly feels a weight falls on top of his shoulder.

“Norman...?” He touches the boy's cheek tentatively.

Norman hums questioningly—and *gosh*, he can really feel Norman's breath ghosting on his neck right now.

“What are you...” he trails off.

“What?” Norman mutters to his shirt, “I’m sleepy... And you do this all the time too.”

Ray flushed, suddenly remembering that cursed conversation that he had overheard again.

*“That’s like the cutest thing ever I’ve seen this week!”*

Gilda’s cursed voice echoing again inside his mind.

Ray bites his lip. Norman *does* look adorable though, and he really doesn’t have the heart to disturb the sleepy boy.

# puppy eyes

## Chapter Summary

basically, Ray is weak to Norman's puppy eyes, lol

ps: I wrote this on my phone while in feverish state, so apologize if there's any errors or the formatting's a bit wacky (^^;)

"Normaaan!"

"Hmm?"

"Ray wouldn't let me play with his new game!"

Norman looks up from the World Fun Facts 101 book he's reading to Emma, the pouting girl at the end of the table, to Ray, the boy who's busying himself with the nintendo game he's just gotten yesterday, then to Emma again, who looks like she's ready to let out another whine.

Norman takes a deep breath. "Ray-"

"No."

"Ray-"

"No."

Norman purses his lips. He needs to change his tactic.

Closing the book in his hands, Norman crawls to the place Ray is sitting down on the floor, before laying his head on the other boy's lap. Ray is still ignoring him.

"Ray-"

"No."

*'I need something more!'*

Never one to back down easily, Norman reaches up and snatches Ray's collar, forcing the boy to look down at him.

"Raaaaay!" he wails, copying what Emma did earlier.

From this position, Norman can see bright, red blush creeping up from Ray's neck to his face quickly.

*'It's adorable,'* he muses amusedly.

"F-Fine! But no more than one hour!" Ray finally grunts reluctantly.

Emma squeals excitedly. While Norman still hasn't moved from his position, too mesmerized by the flustered boy in front of him.

"S-Stop staring at me like that!" Ray stutters awkwardly.

"Eh? Why? But I'm comfortable here, though," Norman says with a teasing tone.

"You and your puppy eyes," Ray grumbles under his breath.

Norman blinks, not catching what the other boy said. "Uh, what was that?" "

"It's nothing," Ray insists.

Oh, well. Whatever. If anything, witnessing Ray getting flustered repeatedly is his guilty pleasure for the whole afternoon.

# enough for now

## Chapter Summary

just two guys deal with their heartbreak  
...and finding comfort in each other (:

## Chapter Notes

(yeah, I changed the chapter title)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*“Twinkle-twinkle in the air~”*

The melody still fresh in both their ears. Nat’s newest composed song. The song that was played at Emma’s and Oliver’s wedding just mere hours ago.

*“Twinkle-twinkle in the air~”*

That was a good song. Fancy melodies. Joyful and funky. Precisely screams the cheerful Bride they both know of. It’s *so* Emma. It was so, so *Emma*. Nat is a good composer.

*“Twinkle-twinkle in the air~”*

And now, here they are, the Bridesmen of their best-friend, skipping the after-wedding pleasantries in favor of a few cans of beers and cokes in their fancy two-stories apartment. People say money can’t buy you happiness. Though, you most likely can’t be happy without money. Being a pair of young businessmen in their early twenties, unfortunately, they’re more compelled to agree with the first statement.

*“Twinkle-twinkle in the air~”*

And now, here they are: Just two guys chilling in the night air.

Norman sighs.

“Who would’ve thought it’d be Oliver, huh?”

“Ollie’s a good guy. A great guy for her,” Ray says. Though, from the tone of his voice, it sounds more like he’s trying to convince himself.

Norman laughs. Doesn't even know what he's laughing about. It sounds kind of bitter to his own ears. Self-deprecating is perhaps the right word. Though, it does sound too melancholic to his taste.

"Right," he says, after he's done laughing. "Oliver's a great guy. Guess we aren't great enough, huh?"

"Don't say it like that," Ray chides half-heartedly. "She's happy. That's all what matters now."

"Is it?"

"Yeah, it is."

Norman smiles lopsidedly. The event earlier today still feels bizarre when he's rolling it over in his mind. His first crush. His first *love*. Now's already getting married off with another man. Life can sure be bitter sometimes.

Well, at least, he's not alone in this hopeless boat.

"What are you going to do now?" he asks absentmindedly.

Ray shrugs. "Nothing much. Go on with life. What else?"

"...I don't know."

Norman sighs, leaning his body to his friend. His companion. His *only* companion in this room.

Ray gets the hint and loops an arm around him, sighing along.

"Feels like I could use some comfort now," Norman whispers. In the darkness of their apartment, where it's only two of them present here, his voice echoing softly thorough the air.

And Ray gets it. Ray always gets it. That's what Norman likes about the guy. Ray is his friend. His best-friend. Though, sometimes more than just a 'friend.' And, perhaps, it's one of those moments.

"Comfort? Sounds like a nice word," Ray mutters.

"It is."

"...Yeah?"

"Yeah."

No words exchanged anymore. Being attached side-by-side since childhood, even ended up having feelings for the same girl, they understand each other better than anyone else. If there's anyone they'd trust, it's definitely each other. And it's enough. For now, at least it's enough.



No words exchanged anymore. Nothing unnecessary. For the touches suffice to their needs. With bitter memory still raw in their minds, with “*Twinkle-twinkle in the air~*” still ringing in their ears, at least, each other’s touches can erase that for them. Can make them forget, at least for a while.

For now, at least it’s enough.

## Chapter End Notes

Hi! Thank you for reading, all the kudos & comments~

Anyway, because it's still holiday for me and it's nearing my birthday (august 8th), I want to open some requests here~ If anyone's interested, feel free to drop your prompt/headcanons! I'm only accepting 3-4 requests, though ^^; And if for some reason I'm uncomfortable writing it, I'll let you know. But otherwise, feel free to request away~ ^^/

*[ps: you can request NSFW but I'll write it in separate fic if you do, cause I don't want to get the rating higher in this ^^;]*

# sleepless hour

## Chapter Summary

I initially wanted to write a Zankyou no Terror AU (which, if you don't know, is about two teenagers who became a pair of criminal minds in Tokyo), but I'm not sure whether I'll ever finish it by this point .\_.

So...well, have this totally random scene snippet, lol

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ray wakes up with a start. The sound of the sheet rustling jolts Norman out of his reverie. He glances back. Ray is still sitting up on his bed with unfocused eyes. He flashes his companion a knowing lopsided smile.

“Nightmare?”

Ray glances at his direction.

“Just a wild guess.” He shrugs.

Ray doesn’t say anything. But it’s enough of an answer for him.

Climbing down the bed—his friend sleeps on the upper bunk tonight—Ray approaches him and sits down beside him on the veranda. They don’t say anything. They always are able to understand each other effectively with or without words, anyway.

Norman gets up, heading towards the make-shift kitchen that’s connected to their bedroom and turns their coffee machine on. The sound is loud against their otherwise quiet apartment. Listening to it gives him some kind of weird comfort. Maybe he doesn’t like silence that much, after all.

It takes less than 10 minutes for the coffee to be ready. Just the right amount of time for him to prepare everything else—cups, little spoons, and a few other things.

“Milk or not?” he calls out.

“Just sugar. Don’t add too much,” Ray replies from the veranda.

Norman nods absentmindedly and adds in a half spoon of sugar into one of the cups—along with another spoon of something else, a *certain* powder.

“Here,” he hands one cup his friend.

Ray accepts it gingerly, immediately bringing the cup to his lips and sipping it. “Thanks.”

Norman hides a smile. He goes to sit back down, silently counting inwardly.

“You don’t want to go back sleep?” he asks, trying to fish out some idle conversation.

“Nah.” Ray shrugs.

“Oh.”

*‘One minute.’*

He’s still counting.

“Actually... I think sleep sounds good...”

He hears Ray yawning. Stealing a glance at his friend, Norman double-checks his mental count.

*‘Four minutes.’*

It takes no more than thirty second before Ray’s head finally lolls to side, hitting his shoulder, and the now empty cup slips off from his friend’s fingers.

“Four minutes and thirty second,” Norman notes out loud. “Hm, that new sleeping drug is stronger than I thought...” he muses.

He glances back down at his friend and smiles sheepishly. “Sorry to make you a rabbit experiment,” he apologizes half-heartedly, even though he knows Ray can’t hear him.

Oh, well. Tomorrow’s a big day. At least one of them is getting enough rest tonight.

## Chapter End Notes

In case it wasn't clear, what Norman used was a totally harmless sleeping drug (in a powder form). It's not like he has ill intention or anything towards Ray. I just headcanon him to be mischievous like that if he's with Ray, lol.

# life is hard for otaku

## Chapter Summary

- > this is an "Love is Hard for Otaku" (WotaKoi) parody
- > this is CRACK
- > and extremely OOC
- > if you feel deja vu that's maybe cause I've posted it as a stand-alone fic before, but I decided to just put it here cause I don't think I'm planning on continuing this anymore, anyway

*[Monday, 07:30 at Ray's Apartment]*

The morning is a still a bit cold. Norman tightening his scarf and jacket as he's picking the locks of Ray's door again like a pro thief.

...Except that no thief with some brains would be coming to Ray's apartment, given that the only things the guy has are only a second-hand computer, a futon, some drawing tools, and packs of noodles. Oh, and toilet tissues—that one's a necessity.

"Ray? Ray...? Are you awake yet?"

No voice answered him.

Norman lets himself in to Ray's room and navigating every corner the small space. He even looked in the kitchen cupboards just in case Ray was having existential crisis and tried to live as a rat again. But still, he couldn't find the guy anywhere.

Did Ray wake up early and went to office already? Wait. Impossible. There's no way that's happening unless it's the day the earth would finally stop rotating.

...Wait. Okay. It isn't, right? It can't be the end of the world already. He still hasn't got his paycheck yet and the live action of his favorite manga wouldn't be released until next session! No! The end of the world can't be happening now!

Just as he thought that, Norman hears a rustling noise from the balcony. He opens the window, and...

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, RAY! STOP TRYING TO JUMP EVERY TIME YOU'RE MEETING DEADLINE DAYS!"

-.-.-

*[Monday, 09:35 at Emma & Gilda's Apartment]*

“Gildaaa! Can’t you not spend three hours in the shower for once?! I’m already late, and I need to hurry before Ray could make excuses for shouting at me to his heart content agaiiin!”

Emma paces back and forth impatiently in front their bathroom door.

“Patience, Emma! Good results need time to be created. Today’s makeup and hair coloring are especially hard because I plan to dress up as Hadou Nejire from Boku no Hero Academ \_\_\_”

“WE NEED PAYCHECKS TO LIVE AND MY JOB GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH WHATEVER CHARACTER YOU’LL BE DRESSING UP TODAY!”

-.-.-

*[Monday, 11:30 at Norman & Ray’s Office]*

Norman sighs, weary from the meeting with Oliver, their head editor just now. He walks to his boyfriend’s cubicle and sits on his lap sulkily. Ray complains because Norman just accidentally shoved his hand and making the coloring page that he’s doing became a mess. Norman pays him no mind. Ray did the same thing when he’s trying to type in an email this morning.

“Let’s take a look at your script,” Norman says, reaching out for the messily piled up paper on Ray’s desk.

“So... These are the script for next month’s chapters, right? Okay, let’s see...” Norman flips the pages. He frowns reading it.

“Um...at this chapter the protagonist doing monologue about how dark and hollow his life is...?”

“It’s implying the life changes the love interest had brought,” Ray explains.

“Then at the next chapter the protagonist saying how he would commit arson at the school for the sake of his love...?”

“It’s implying how much the protagonist loves the love interest that he’d willing to do anything,” Ray explains again.

“Then at this chapter the protagonist saying how this person he’s crushing at making him thinking of hanging himself significantly less often...?”

“It’s implying how much impact this person had brought to his life,” Ray supplies proudly this time.

Norman sighs. He takes another deep breath before starting out slowly, “Ray...”

“Hm...?”

“YOU’RE SUPPOSED TO WRITE A GODDAMN SHOUJO MANGA, NOT YOUR OWN LIFE BIOGRAPHY.”

-.-.-

*[Monday, 12:30 at A Café Nearby to the Office]*

“H-Hi, Ray! So... W-what do you think about the latest sketches I sent yesterday?” Emma bites her lip nervously while stirring the frappe drink that’s already melted out from how much she stirs it.

“Hm... It was all quite good.” Ray nods to himself.

Emma sighs in relief. Being a mangaka assistant to the infamous Ray-sensei is a tedious, tiring job. Mostly because Ray’s moods could change every split second and the guy could suddenly demanding a revision in the middle of night. Still, the job pays quite well since Ray’s manga always make it to the Top 3 ranks in the survey polls. So she can’t complain much about it.

“Well,” Ray continues, “Although there’s a few points I think you could revise again.”

Emma hurriedly prepares her pen and notes.

“So... I think the background could be drawn out from different angle and these panel moods could be changed to be less flowery and I think the protagonist’s hair is a bit too fluffy, also this character’s nose is a bit too pointy and the love interest’s face is definitely shouldn’t be this chubby and the way the protagonist’s friends stood under the tree in this panel should—”

“Um...”

-.-.-

*[Monday, 14:00 back at Norman & Ray’s Office]*

Ray guides Emma to his office and leads the girl to his cubicle.

“So, these are the storyboard sketches I made last week and—”

“Wait. Ray, isn’t that Norman?” Emma interrupts him.

Ray rolls his eyes. “I mean, we work for the same company. *Of course*, he’d be in the same office with me.”

“No! *I mean*, isn’t that person who’s trying to jump from this six-story building *is* Norman?”

“Eh?!”

Ray glances to their office balcony to find the guy struggling to climb up the balcony rails.

“What are you doing there?!” he calls out.

“My boyfriend’s cheating on me! My life ends now!” Norman cries.

“Waiiit!” Emma shouts. “Ray is not cheating on you! It’s only me! I just changed the hair color!”

“...Wait.” Ray realizes something. “Since when we became boyfriends?”

“MY BOYFRIEND DOESN’T RECOGNIZE ME, NOW! MY LIFE EEENDS!”

“BUT, I’M NOT YOUR BOYFRIEND? YOU’VE NEVER EVEN ASKED ME OUT!”

“I DECLARE MY LOVE TO YOU EVERY SINGLE DAY!”

“WAIT. I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU TRYING TO LIVE OUT YOUR THEATRICAL DREAM JOB!”

“I DON’T EVEN HAVE A THEATRICAL DREAM JOB! MY DREAM JOB WAS BEING A VOICE ACTOR!”

“THEN WHY DIDN’T YOU PURSUE IT?”

“BECAUSE I’D MUCH RATHER PURSUE MY LIFE WITH YOU!”

“WHYYYY?!”

“BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, AREN’T WE ALREADY OVER THIS?!”

Meanwhile, Emma is writing it all furiously on her notebook.

“So... If we change the setting to the protagonist’s house balcony and edit some of Norman’s words the words to be a bit more cheesy, this part could become the confession scene at chapter seventy-nine, or—”

-.-.-

*[Monday, 19:00 at Emma & Gilda’s Apartment]*

“I’m homeeee...!” Emma calls out.

Gilda greets her back with a smile. “Oh, welcome back, Emma. How was your day?”

“Mm...tiring? But exciting? I got to find out that Norman could be as emo as Ray today.” She laughs.

“Oh... So, you’re meeting with Ray-sensei today?” Gilda peers up closer slowly.

Emma gulps, realizing her mistake. “U-um...”

“E...mmaa...”

“Y-yes...?”

“You know that I’m a die hard fan of Ray-sensei’s manga, right...?”

“Uhm. I mean. Of course, haha.” Emma laughs awkwardly, as she’s slowly taking a step back from the room.

“Emma...”

“Y-yes...?”

Gilda suddenly laughs. “Haha, nothing! I’m just teasing you, geez. Oh my, you look as if I’m a scary ghost or something!”

Emma lets out a relieved sigh and laugh along. “Y-yeah... You definitely have quite some talents in acting,” she jokes.

“Anyway, you seem so tired. Want a massage?”

Emma blinks at the offer. It’s rare that Gilda offering something like this. But, oh well... “That’d be great. Thanks.” She smiles.

Though as Gilda massaging her, Emma feels some kind of weird aura again.

“Emma...”

“Y-yeah...?”

The pair of hands on her shoulders suddenly squeezing it harshly.

“You know that I’m a die hard fan of Ray-sensei’s manga, *right?*”

Emma gulps.

“FOR THE LAST TIME, GILDA! I CAN’T GIVE OUT SPOILERS! RAY WILL DEFINITELY KILL ME IF HE FINDS OUT!”

-.-.-

*[Monday, 21:30 at Ray’s Apartment]*

“Raaay... Scoot over!”

Ray blinks. “Why are you on *my* bed?!”

Norman pouts. “Aren’t we boyfriends now?”

“But you said that we’re already boyfriends even before today.”

Norman perks up. “So, that means I can sleep with you, right?”

“No.”



“Whyyy...?” Norman wails out.

“Because we’re not boyfriends, Norman!”

“But you agreed that we’re already boyfriends!”

“I’ve never said that!” Ray crosses his arms.

“OH. MY. GOD. ARE WE SERIOUSLY TALKING ABOUT THIS AGAIN?!”

# played into a mouse trap

## Chapter Summary

- > another one I thought I'd put here (previously a stand-alone fic)
- > this is basically just Norman being tease, lol
- > lots of innuendos but no actual sexual scene happens

*Norman (18:01)*

*I miss you*

*Norman (18:05)*

*Why are you coming home late?*

*Norman (18:06)*

*Are you having late meeting with your clients again?*

*Norman (19:14)*

*I'm bored*

*Norman (19:16)*

*What should I do? Pls give some ideas*

*Norman (19:28)*

*The TV shows are boring*

*Norman (19:37)*

*I'm horny*

*Norman (19:49)*

*Guess what I'm wearing now*

*Norman (20:12)*

*It's getting very hot here*

*Norman (20:17)*

*I'm dripping wet*

*Norman (20:19)*

*It's very wet*

*Norman (20:22)*

*It's too hot*

*Norman (20:25)*

*Getting very uncomfortable here. Should I just take it off?*

*Norman (20:29)*

*I want to lick it off*

*Norman (20:31)*

*Guess I'm licking it*

*Norman (20:33)*

*I wanna lick yours too*

*Norman (20:37)*

*It's getting too messy now*

*(20:44)*

*Norman is typing....*

*SHUT THE FUCK UP! OH MY GOD DID YOU REALLY HAD TO MESSAGE ME DURING THE MEETING?! HAVE YOU NO SELF-RESTRAIN?! THE FUCK??!*

*sent (20:47)*

*Norman (20:48)*

*Well, I wouldn't say no to "the fuck" part*

*I'M DRIVING HOME NOW. STOP SPAMMING THE CHAT FOR GOD'S SAKE. WAIT. NO. I'LL JUST TURN OFF THIS FUCKING PHONE. UGH. I HATE YOU.*

*sent (20:51)*

*Norman (20:53)*

*Really?*

*(start recording)*

*"...No, I love you."*

*(voice message sent)*

It's an hour and ten minutes later that Ray finally managed to arrive safely at his apartment. Thank- *fucking* -fully! Because he wasn't sure he could even drive with within the speed limit with his mind kept drifting away to his boyfriend's teasing texts.

"Norman...?" he called out.

The apartment seemed weirdly quiet.

*'Maybe I took too long and he's already asleep?'*

However, his assumption was quickly thrown to the wind the moment Ray smelled a weird... burning smell? That seemed to come from the direction of their kitchen.

"Norman, are you cook—"

His words died in his throat, as he took in the state of their kitchen that could be summed up in one word: *Disaster*.

"The *fuck* are you doing?!"

"Cooking," Norman replied innocently.

His boyfriend was standing there, wearing only a pair *short* shorts and a dirty apron, with said apron dripping wet with...some kind of liquid. That looked like a horrible mix of at least five kinds of sauces or something.

"It's— You—" Ray couldn't finish his words, only watching his boyfriend with a twitched eyebrow.

Norman didn't appear too much bothered though, as he kept licking that weirdly-colored sauce from his fingers without a care in the world.

"Do you want to lick it too?"

Norman offered him a finger. A finger still dripping with that *God-knows-what* sauce.

"Sorry, it was soooo messy. So I licked the sauce from your bowl too."

"B-bowl of what?"

"Some kind of Asian dish. I got the recipe from google but I forgot what its name. Oh, I hope you don't mind. I mean, I already told you in the text that I wanted to *lick yours* too, didn't I?" His boyfriend smirked slyly, as if he knew exactly what he was *actually* doing.

"Oh, also it's getting *too hot* here so I took the shirt's *off*. Just like what I told you in the text, you know." Norman licked his lips. At this point Ray was pretty sure that none of it was entirely innocent because— What. The. Fuck.

"Do you like my surprise?" Norman continued again innocently—or as innocent a devil in angelic disguise could be.

Ray groaned aloud. “You’re— Aaargh! I *swear* you’re something else!”

“But that’s why you never get bored of me, right?”

“More like I’m getting *too tired* of *you*,” Ray retorted dryly.

He didn’t give Norman a chance to answer again, as he pulled his annoying boyfriend into a wet, messy kiss.

Norman moaned into his mouth. “Mmmh...Raaaay—!”

Ray bit that annoying reddened lips lightly. “I *swear* you’ll regret this later. Bastard,” he muttered into his boyfriend’s lips.

Said boyfriend only grinned at him and give him that annoyingly smug look that Ray swore he hated so much.

“Is that a promise?” Norman teased.

Ray didn’t answer. But he reached around and give a soundly *slap* to his boyfriend’s butt before leaving the guy at that—trying to get back the upper hand here to preserve his dignity a little.

Oh God, who was he kidding? He just got perfectly played into a mouse trap there—not that Ray’s really complaining, of course.

# humming a lullaby

## Chapter Notes

Ray hums a lullaby as he stares at the sleeping Norman~ <3

This one's inspired by macandchess' comment, so credit goes to them for the idea! ^^

*(psst, there's a brief mention of major manga spoiler in this one)*

*'He looks so soft,'* Ray notes inwardly, as he stares at the face of the sleeping boy in front of him.

His features look so soft. As if this boy is just any other innocent teenager, instead of an ex mass murder perpetrator. Norman is much more beyond that, though. Of course, no matter how many good deeds his companion had done, that wouldn't be able to erase the previous fact. Still, the other statement remains. Norman is *so much* more than that. The kindest Ray ever knows.

"Mmmhh..."

Norman mumbles in his sleep. Ray widens his eyes, immediately holding his breath, wary of waking up the sleeping boy who barely getting any rest these past days.

*'You stubborn head. Overworking yourself as always.'*

Ray snorts quietly.

Norman stirs again in his sleep. His brows furrowed, as if he's encountering an unpleasant thing in his dream.

Ray purses his lips. He itches to comfort the boy, pulling him into his arms, telling him all the nice things. Norman deserves that. Norman deserves so much more than that.

He exhales sadly, before inhaling a deep breath again and—

*starts humming.*

The melody is the one Ray knows by heart. This is the lullaby Mom used to sing to them often. To calm their little innocent hearts. To ensure kindly that everything's going to be okay. Which is ironic, considering what's the truth behind what used to be their warm, peaceful living space actually was. Even more ironic for Ray that it had become his favorite song to hum idly in his spare times.

"...Ray?"

Ray halts his singing, voice abruptly stuck on his throat. “E-Err... W-Why are you awake? You’ve only been sleeping for like two hours. Go back to sleep,” he scolds gruffly. Part of him is just a bit embarrassed at being caught singing. It’s *very rare* that he’d willingly sing in front anyone, after all—contrary to people’s popular belief that he’d be good at karaoke.

Norman blinks slowly, as if it takes him longer to intercepts the conversation.

*‘He must be very sleepy,’* Ray wonders fondly.

“Ah, it was nice. Please continue.” Norman grins slightly.

“E-Eh? What’s nice—”

“Your voice,” Norman cuts him. “Your singing just now,” the boy elaborates. “It’s nice. You should sing more.”

Ray widens his eyes, opening and closing his mouth a few times, not even manages to get any word out. in the end, he chooses not to say anything—lest he’d probably embarrass himself with saying something stupid—and just nods silently.

Ray moves around a bit to make himself comfortable on the floor, leaning back against the sofa that Norman’s sleeping on, before starts humming again.

Norman immediately closes his eyes as soon as he does that, seemingly going back to his sleep. Though, Norman’s pale fingers reach over and tangles itself in his hair. Ray feels a warm flush creeping up his face at the mindless gesture. The reserved part of himself keeps stubbornly refuse to say anything, though. Instead, he goes on with humming lightly the lullaby.

It feels kind of nice like this.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!